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COWBOY LOVE

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AUTHORITY

# Cowboy Love

No 30

10¢



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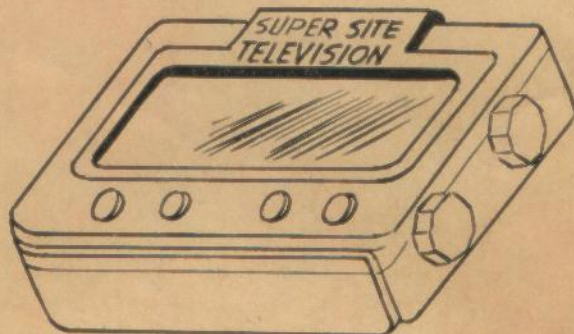
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COWBOY LOVE

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# COWBOY LOVE

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ BADGE OF JUSTICE ★ BLUE BEETLE ★ COWBOY LOVE ★ COWBOY WEST-ERN ★ DANGER and ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★ HOT RODS and RACING CARS ★ LASH LaRUE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE ★ ROCKY LANE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER and MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER ★ This is SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A-PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*Alfred I. Sigo*

Executive Editor

## THE RIVALS



The digging and hauling of borax was the lifeblood of many a man in the west, just as gold-prospecting was for many others. To Sally Andrews, borax-hauling was the main business of her mule-team outfit, and, when the tall stranger who set her heart leaping turned out to be her rival, she tried to be angry and stubborn. But when she raced against her heart, against love, it was a race she had to lose.

**E**VERY MUSCLE IN THE GIRL'S SLENDER BODY STRAINED AS THE WAGON GAINED SPEED DOWN THE INCLINE!

BUT THERE WAS NO FRIGHT IN THE STRONG TILT OF HER CHIN; NO FEAR TO CLOUD THE COOL BEAUTY OF HER EYES. NO, SALLY ANDREWS KNEW NO FEAR—ONLY PRIDE AND DETERMINATION!

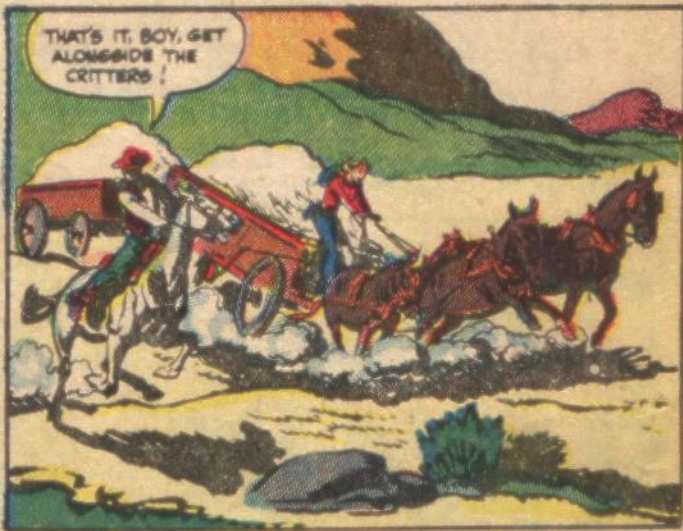


**E**VERY DAY SALLY DROVE OVER THE HILLS TO AVALANCHE, TAKING BORAX TO THE BRANCH RAIL LINE. IT WAS HER LIVELIHOOD. BUT TODAY THE SHADOW OF DEATH RODE THE WAGONS BESIDE HER.



# COWBOY LOVE

BUT IN THE HILLS, A TALL FIGURE SAW THE WAGGONS HURTLING BELOW AND SPURRED HIS HORSE ON TO MEET THE STRUGGLING GAIL. CLIFF SAUNDERS LEANED HIS LONG FRAME FORWARD IN THE SADDLE AS HIS HORSE GALLOPED FORWARD!



CLINGING TILL EVERY MUSCLE OF HIS BODY SCREAMED, CLIFF HUNG ONTO THE SADDLES OF THE LEAD MULES UNTIL FINALLY, SLOWLY, THE RUNAWAYS HALTED. IN THE SUDDEN STILLNESS AND QUIET, THE SHADOW OF DEATH STOLE AWAY AND THEE SALLY SPOKE, HER THROAT STRANGELY DRY!



CLIFF WALKED BACK TO WHERE SALLY STOOD AND SOMEHOW, INSTANTLY, SHE KNEW THAT HE WAS NO ORDINARY COWPUNCHER. IT TOOK MORE THAN AN ORDINARY COMPOKE TO HALT A TEAM OF RUNAWAY MULES. IN HIS FACE WAS THE CALM YET MIGHTY POWER OF THE WESTERN PRAIRIES!





# COWBOY LOVE

CLIFF SAW THE SUDDEN COLDNESS LEAP INTO THE GIRL'S EYES. SAW HER LIPS SET GRIMLY. HER CHIN TILT UPWARD. HER VOICE WAS CURT.

KEEP TO THE ROAD AND TURN LEFT AT THE FORK. YOU CAN'T MISS IT. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, AGAIN, MISTER SAUNDERS. GOODBYE.

ER... GOODBYE, SALLY!?



SALLY FELT CLIFF'S EYES LOOK AFTER HER IN SURPRISE AT HER SUDDEN COLDNESS.

SHE WANTED TO GLANCE BACK FOR HE WAS A MAN HER HEART WOULD NOT QUICKLY FORGET. BUT SHE DROVE ON TO AVALANCHE, FAITHFUL OLD RUSTY WAITED THERE. HE'D DRIVEN OVER THE OTHER TEAM EARLIER!

RIGHT HERE, SALLY! PULL IN BEHIND THE OTHER TEAM!



HAD A BAD TRIP ACROSS THE POOTHILLS, RUSTY. SOON AS I UNLOAD, WE'LL START RIGHT BACK. I'M TIRED!

THAT GUILTS ME FINE, SALLY. I'M PLUMB HUNGRY MYSELF!



YOU'RE STILL AGOING TO THE SQUARE DANCE TONIGHT BACK IN HIGH WILLOW, AREN'T YOU, SALLY? EVERYBODY BACK HOME IS.

OH, SURE, RUSTY. I'LL BE THERE. A BODY NEEDS SOME RELAXING FROM RUNNING A HAULAGE LINE. IT'LL BE FUN WEARING A PRETTY DRESS FOR A CHANGE.



THAT NIGHT BACK IN HIGH WILLOW, THE TOWN CENTER ECHOED TO THE MUSIC AND GAIETY OF THE SQUARE DANCE. AND SALLY WAS ENJOYING EVERY MOMENT.

... SWING THAT GAL AND LET 'ER GO, ONE-TWO-THREE AND DO-SI-DOE ...!



HELLO, MR. HONMACHER, EVENING, MRS. WILSON.

HOWDY, MISS SALLY! GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



SUDDENLY A TALL, BROAD FIGURE STOOD BEFORE SALLY, AND HER HEART BEGAN TO THROB. THEN SHE WAS DANCING IN HIS ARMS, HER BODY TINGLING AT HIS TOUCH. HIS QUIET GRAY EYES LOOKING DEEP INTO HERS.

THIS IS A SURPRISE! HELLO, SALLY. I SEE YOU DO THINGS BESIDE DRIVING A HAULAGE LINE.

YES, CLIFF, WHENEVER I GET THE CHANCE!



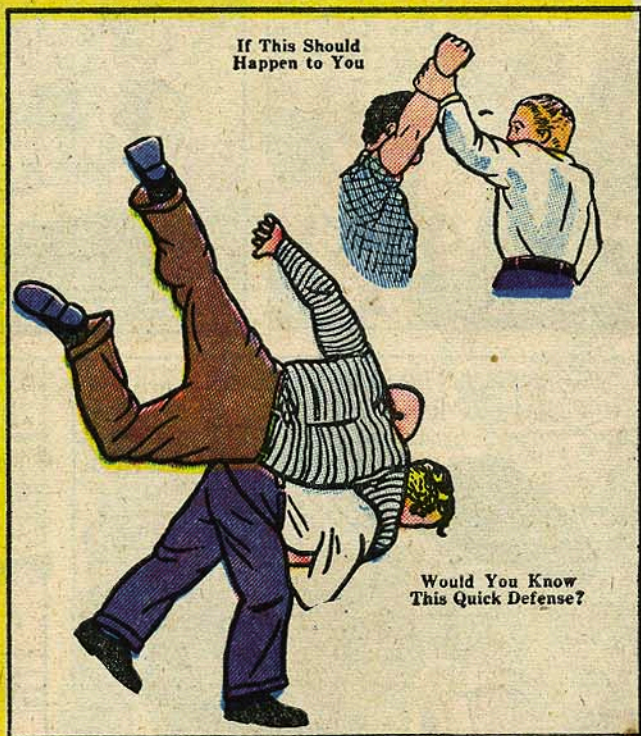


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# COWBOY LOVE



CLIFF HELD THE SWEET SOFTNESS OF SALLY IN HIS ARMS, AND THEN HIS LIPS FOUND HERS, AND THEY WERE TWO PEOPLE ALONE ATOP THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN, TWO HEARTS RIDING UPON A RAINBOW!





# COWBOY LOVE



**B**UT AS SALLY STORMED AWAY FROM CLIFF, SHE WAS FOLLOWED, FOLLOWED BY THE BURNING MEMORY OF HIS LIPS UPON HERS, THE MEMORY OF HOW SHE'D WANTED TO STAY IN HIS ARMS FOREVER. IT WAS A MEMORY NOT TO BE CAST ASIDE!



**B**UT SALLY KNEW IT WAS MORE THAN GRATITUDE HER HEART HAD FELT. YET, SHE WAS A GIRL OF ANGRY PRIDE AND STUBBORN-NESS. IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS SHE OFTEN MET CLIFF, BUT ALWAYS SHE REFUSED TO RETURN HIS FRIENDLINESS!





# COWBOY LOVE



THEN ONE DAY, SALLY ATTENDED A MEETING IN TOWN CALLED BY FRED TILSON, AGENT FOR THE HIJAY BORAX COMPANY!

TIME FOR SIGNING NEW HAULAGE CONTRACTS WAS NEAR, AND SO--





# COWBOY LOVE

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AT DAWN, A LONG WAGON-TRAIN LOADED WITH BORAX STOOD READY. THE MULE TEAMS KITCHED TOGETHER FOR POWER AND DRIVE!

READY, BOYS?

RIGHT, RUSTY!



ALL SET, SALLY! HERB AND EVANS ARE STAYING ON THE THIRD WAGON FOR NOW!

THEN HERE WE GO, RUSTY. THIS MEANS ALL OR NOTHING FOR US!



ALL RIGHT, YOU MULEYS! SCUDDA-HO! SCUDDA-HA!



**S**LOWLY, THE HEAVY WAGONS BEGAN TO ROLL! THE RACE WAS ON! AND, THROUGH THE CLOUDS OF DUST SENT SKYWARD BY EIGHTY DRIVING, GRINDING WHEELS, SALLY THOUGHT OF SOMEONE ELSE SOMEONE STARTING OFF WITH ANOTHER TWENTY-MULE TEAM!

CLIFF IS STARTING NOW, TOO. I SHOULD BE MEETING HIM AT TOMPKINS FORK. WE'LL TRAVEL THE SAME TRAIL FROM THERE ON!



**L**ATER, WHEN SHE REACHED THE FORK, SALLY WATCHED ANOTHER LONG WAGON TRAIN SINGING IN BEHIND HERS!

THROUGH THE CHOKING DUST, SHE COULD SEE A STRAIGHT, TALL FIGURE DRIVING THE TEAM FROM THE LEAD WAGON!



MOVE ON THERE! MOVE ON!

EASY, SALLY! THAT'S A MIGHTY HEAVY LOAD FOR THE MULES, AND THERE'S A HARD TRIP TO GO! NO SENSE TIRIN' 'EM OUT NOW!





# COWBOY LOVE



**A**CROSS THE PLAINS THE TWO LONG WAGON TRAINS ROLLED, WITH ONLY THE UNRELENTING SUN WATCHING THROUGH THE LONG DAY UNTIL...



**C**AREFULLY, THE WAGONS MOVED ACROSS THE RIVER UNTIL THEY REACHED THE CENTER WHERE THE CURRENT RAN STRONGEST.

SALLY HEARD THE SPLINTERING OF COUPLINGS, SAW THE CURRENT SWINGING THE REAR WAGONS AND THEN...

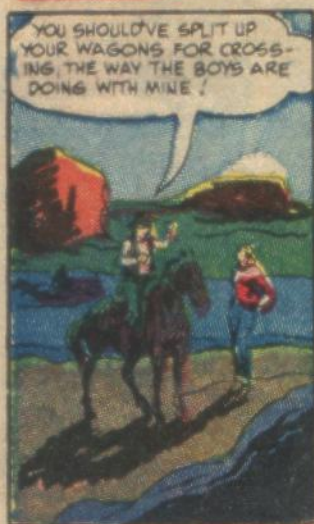




# COWBOY LOVE



SALLY STOOD BY HER WAGON ON THE OTHER SHORE AS CLIFF RODE OUT OF THE WATER TO HER. SALLY KNEW HUMBLE GRATITUDE THEN. SHE HAD TRIED TO HATE CLIFF, TRIED TO FIGHT DOWN HER HEART, BUT...



AND SO THE TWO WAGON TRAINS CAMPED SIDE BY SIDE IN THE COOL DARK OF THE WESTERN NIGHT WHILE, BESIDE A FIRE, CLIFF AND SALLY LOOKED DEEP INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES!

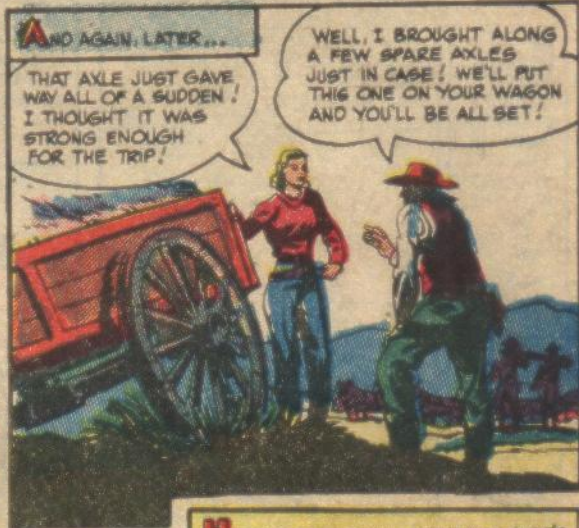
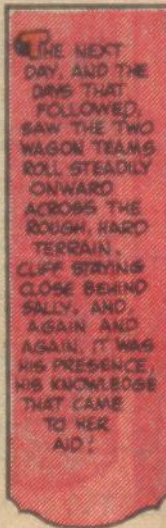


CLIFF KNEW THAT INSIDE SALLY'S HEART THERE THROBBED SOMETHING TOO STRONG FOR HER TO IGNORE. YET HE COULD SEE THAT FIERCE PRIDE AND STUBBORNNESS STILL FLAMED INSIDE THE SPIRITED GIRL. AS...





# COWBOY LOVE

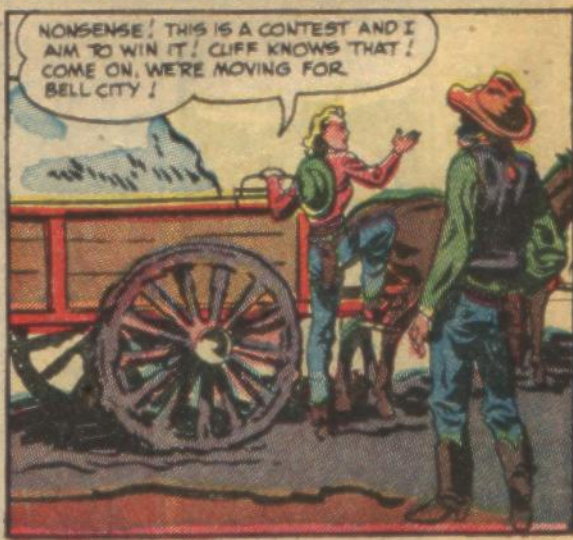




# COWBOY LOVE



BUT SALLY TOSSED AND TURNED THE NIGHT THROUGH. A YEARNING HEART IS NOT EASILY STILLED, NOR LOVE CAST OUT, AND IN HER DREAMS SHE CRIED BUT ONE NAME... ONE NAME OVER AND OVER AGAIN!







**MEN! WOMEN! BOYS! GIRLS!**

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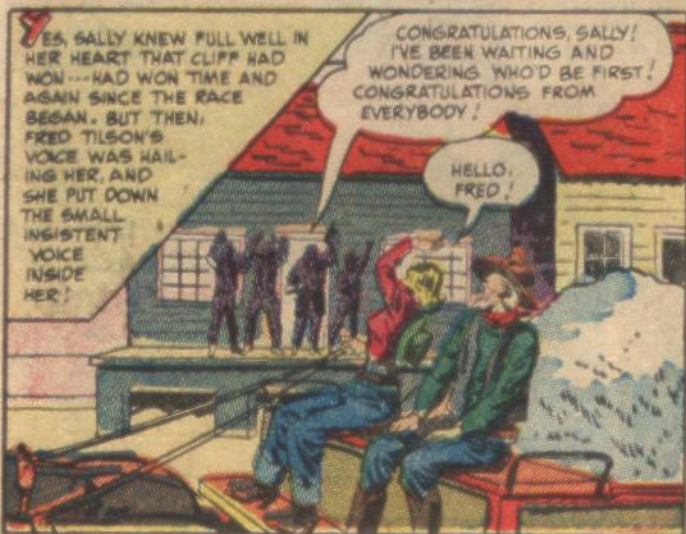
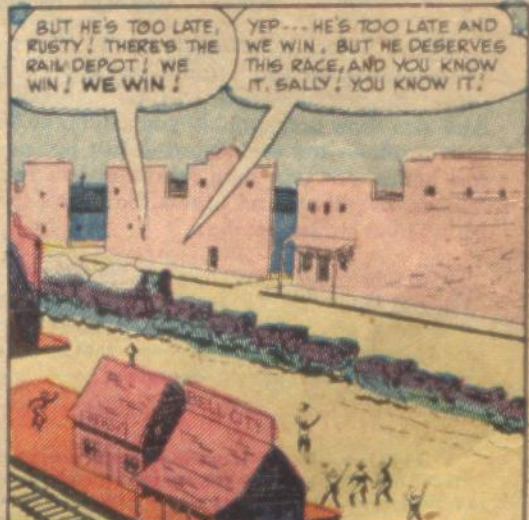
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# COWBOY LOVE





# COWBOY LOVE

**M**INUTES LATER, SALLY STOOD BEFORE FRED TILSON AND THE CROWD THAT HAD GATHERED.

...AND SO, SALLY ANDREWS EARNED THESE NEW CONTRACTS BY HER DASHING RACE!



**S**ALLY WASN'T LISTENING TO FRED TILSON'S VOICE, INSTEAD SHE WAS HEARING ANOTHER VOICE, AN INSISTENT VOICE FROM HER HEART... A SCORNFUL MOCKING VOICE.....



**B**UT THERE WAS MORE THAN JUST A VOICE FROM INSIDE HER. THERE WAS A MEMORY OF CLIFF'S ARMS PRESSING HER CLOSE, HIS LIPS LIFTING HER TO THE CLOUDS!

I--I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT. I CAN'T TAKE THE CONTRACTS! CLIFF DESERVES THEM! HE WON! I DID HIM OUT OF IT BY A DIRTY TRICK!



SALLY, I SAY, SALLY---HERE ARE THE CONTRACTS!

EH?



I DON'T DESERVE THOSE, FRED! THEY BELONG TO CLIFF SAUNDERS, NOT TO ME! HE WON THIS RACE, REALLY!

BUT YOU CAME IN FIRST! I---I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



I WOULDN'T HAVE MADE IT AT ALL IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR CLIFF! RUSTY WILL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!





# COWBOY LOVE



CLIFF'S CRY WENT UNHEEDED AS SALLY RAN DOWN THE LONG LOADING PLATFORM, BUT SUDDENLY SHE WAS STANDING STILL, AND TWO STRONG ARMS WERE TURNING HER SLENDER BODY AROUND!



AND AS THE SUN LOWERED IN THE SKY ONCE AGAIN, CLIFF AND SALLY HEADED BACK, THIS TIME TOGETHER!

SALLY HAD LOST HER RACE, BUT SHE SAW IT HAD BEEN A RACE AGAINST LOVE!

SHE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT LOSING FOR SHE'D WON A HEART AND A NEW, WONDERFUL LIFE!





## COWBOY LOVE

# MELODY AMES, THE PRAIRIE MINSTREL



## CAN LOVE ESCAPE?

*Mistaken for a pair of bandit killers, Melody Ames and his companion, Pedro, found themselves in jail, prisoners of a girl sheriff, the lovely Sue Barnes. Pouring everything into his golden voice, Melody had softened the girl to a point of believing their innocence, but she refused to free them until Melody had sung more songs. Then, while Sue went to fix their suppers, they saw a lynch mob headed for the jail to hang them, stirred up by brutal Tom Rider, king pin boss of Silver Hills...*

**M**ELODY AMES STIFFENED and crossed the narrow cell in a bound. He peered out the small, barred window beside Pedro. The howling mob was gathering under a sign that read: OWL SALOON—TOM RIDER, PROP. Rider himself, big and ugly, was waving two coils of rope and haranguing the mob. Even at that distance, Melody could see that it was made up of gun-toughs and rowdies who were obviously on Rider's payroll.

"I was right," Melody grunted. "Rider knows who the real bandits are. I'd even bet my right arm he engineered the stage holdup himself. If he can hang us for the job, he'll close the books on the case and leave himself and his boys in the clear."

"Amigo," wailed Pedro, wringing fat hands, "what does it matter *how* we die when we are dead? If you must think, think of some way to get us out of here. By the time the Senorita Sue Barnes returns with our supper and the key to the cell, we may be dangling like ripe fruit from the cottonwood on the hill. Senor, I am no singer of love songs, like you, but my poor throat will be none the better for the caress of hemp rope."

"Nor mine," Melody said thoughtfully. "There's one slim chance. Get your face to that window and whistle for Rosita. If that mule has learned half the lessons you taught her, we may get out of this yet. Call her and keep calling. She was tied at the hitchrail."

Sweating, Pedro leaned his face to the window and whistled a soft, provocative call. An answering bray came from the front of the building. He whistled again. There was a squeal, a stamp of hoofs and then the tinkle

of silver bells. Rosita, the mule, trotted around the corner. While Pedro coaxed anxiously, Melody stuck his long arm through the close-set bars of the window. Rosita edged closer. Melody's eager fingers touched her saddlebag.

A moment later he straightened and his hand came through the bars, clutching a six-gun. He grinned. "When I tucked that spare gun in Rosita's pack, I never figured it would come in so handy. Stand back, son."

The mob was surging up the street now, yelling and whooping. When a particularly loud burst of uproar reached them, Melody levelled the gun at the cell door's lock and thumbed back the hammer. The shots were lost in the mounting roar of the mob. Splinters of iron flew from the lock. Melody pried a last splinter away with the gun barrel and reached inside. Something snapped, the great bolt slid back and the cell door opened.

"Quick," Pedro gasped. "We must mount and flee. Rosita and Prairie can outrun them until darkness hides us."

"No," Melody said, leading the way to a side window opposite the mob. "We're heading for Sue Barnes' place. If we run away, we'll be branded fugitives. And, spunky as that girl is, she's about due to be trampled by that buzzard, Rider. Our escape would be all the excuse he needed to seize the sheriff's office and take over."

"But amigo," wailed Pedro as they wriggled through the narrow window. "We do not even know where she lives."

"Sure we do. In the whole town, only one house had a flower bed and curtains at the windows. Down that alley—fast."

Panting, protesting, Pedro lumbered after his tall friend. They darted down an empty alley behind a saloon, a harness shop, a boarding house and other shacks. Presently they came to the edge of town, facing a neater house that sat apart with bright flowers before it and white curtains behind the windows. From behind them came a rising roar of anger, followed by crashes as the mob vented its rage on the empty jail.

"Inside quick," Melody hissed. "They'll head this way the moment Rider gets them organized again."



# COWBOY LOVE

They burst into a neat kitchen. Sue, looking flushed and lovely and utterly feminine in a soft dress and apron, turned a startled face from the stove. "You! What...? How...?"

Swiftly Melody outlined what had happened. Sue's face paled and she snatched the Winchester from its rack. "I warned Tom Rider. He's grabbed everything in Silver Hills but my office and he'll not get control of that. Stay back and..."

Melody reached over and gently took the rifle. "Let me handle this, Miss Sue." Before she could protest, he stepped past her and out onto the little front porch to face the mob that was roaring and boiling up the street. A yell of rage went up as he appeared.

Smiling, Melody tilted the rifle at his hip and fired. Big Tom Rider, leading the mob, yelled suddenly as his hat spun off his head. Melody fired again and a man behind Rider sprawled on the ground, tripped as his boot-heel was shot away. The whole mob drew up short.

Melody levered a fresh shell into the barrel, conscious that Pedro and Sue, holding six-guns, had stepped out to flank him. He eyed the mob. "The next one goes at eye level," he announced pleasantly. "Anybody who wants to be first, step right ahead. You, Mr. Rider?"

Tom Rider, his big face purple with rage, choked on a rush of words. "Get 'em," he bawled thickly. "There's only the three of 'em, you yellow-livered coyotes. Rush 'em."

"You start it, Tom," a jerring voice snarled from the crowd. "We'll come to your funeral."

In Tom Rider's eyes was the terrible sight of an empire of fear crumbling. He had ruled these thugs by gold and fear and now, against the greater fear of Melody's uncanny aim, he was powerless. With a sudden rumble of maddened hate, Rider lumbered forward. He made no move toward his holstered guns but his massive hands opened and closed hungrily as he advanced. The rest stayed back, frozen.

Melody tossed the rifle to Pedro and leaped down to the ground. He took two steps forward and Tom Rider's fist swung. Melody ducked under the whistling blow and when he came up his own fists were in a blur of motion. There were two sharp cracks and Rider went over backward.

"Hear that, Miss Sue?" he called loudly. "He confesses to sending the bandits after the coach. He says if I won't hit him again, he'll tell all about the rustlings and robberies."

There was a nervous stir in the crowd of toughs. Men began to shift back from the front, eyes whipping in furtive fear. Melody pretended to listen again, his steely arms pinning Rider down. "Who?" he asked loudly. "What name, Rider? You say he shot them?"

A man in the crowd suddenly turned and bolted. The movement set off the panic and in a moment they were all running. Melody stood up, grinning. "Cut off the head and the rest dies," he said cheerfully. "They'll all be gone by morning. Then you can deal with Rider, here, as you want. A little digging should tie him in with plenty of dirt, according to what you say."

Sue gave a little, glad cry and sprang from the porch. Without faltering she ran straight into Melody's arms. Pedro marched past him, grinning, to prod the battered Rider toward the jail. "Buena suerte," he murmured. "Good luck, amigo. I will fix the cell to hold this one while you sing the little songs."

Dusk was falling. Looking into Sue's eyes, Melody felt his heart pound and strange yearnings swept him. He thought of a home, of security and love, a fireside of his own and a girl beside it to inspire his songs. He felt Sue's slim body tremble in his arms and her eyes told him that her lips were waiting, her hopes suspended.

He looked past her and saw the purple shadows lengthening from the hills, saw the fading silver of the sage, the sheen of white-capped mountains beyond and he felt again the stirring mystery that had been his driving force. What lies beyond the next hill? What is tomorrow's promise?

Melody Ames looked down at the girl in his arms and began to sing, from his heart and from his soul. He sang no love song, this time, but the haunting melodies of the open range, the winding trail, the far horizons that are the siren song to men who must be free.

**H**HE SANG and saw the cloud come into Sue's eyes as she listened and read his meaning. While shadows lengthen and night-hawks swirl, while horizons beckon and the West is free, men like Melody Ames must go on over lonely trails. She reached up at last and kissed him and turned away. Melody turned and saw Pedro waiting, sitting quietly on Rosita, holding Prairie's reins. Pedro smiled sadly. "I heard your song, Señor," he said softly. "And I understood your message. Shall we go now?"

THE END



# COWBOY LOVE

## MOLASSES MOUTH



OBLIGING FELLER!







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J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television  
than any other man. OUR 40TH YEAR.

**America's Fast Growing Industry Offers  
You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security**

## I TRAINED THESE MEN

"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week in spare time."—Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunnyside, Pennsylvania.

"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to NRI."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-Phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.

"By graduation, had paid for course, car, testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

**AVAILABLE TO  
VETERANS  
UNDER G. I. BILLS**

## You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my

Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multimeter you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

**The Tested Way  
To Better Pay!**

Training plus opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

**Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15  
a Week Extra Fixing Sets**

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multimeter built with parts I send helps you make \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

## My Training Is Up-To-Date

You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

**2 FREE BOOKS  
SHOW HOW  
MAIL COUPON**

**Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity**—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.

About 200 Television stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others being built. Good TV jobs opening up for Technicians, Operators, etc.

25 million homes now have Television sets. Thousands more are being sold every week. Get a job or have your own business selling, installing, servicing.

## Radio-TV Needs Men of Action—Mail Coupon

Act now to get more of the good things of life. Actual lesson proves my training is practical, thorough. 64-page book shows good job opportunities for you in many fields. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than total cost of training in two weeks. Mail coupon now. J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 5EK3 Washington 9, D. C. OUR 40TH YEAR.

## Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5EK3,  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.  
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

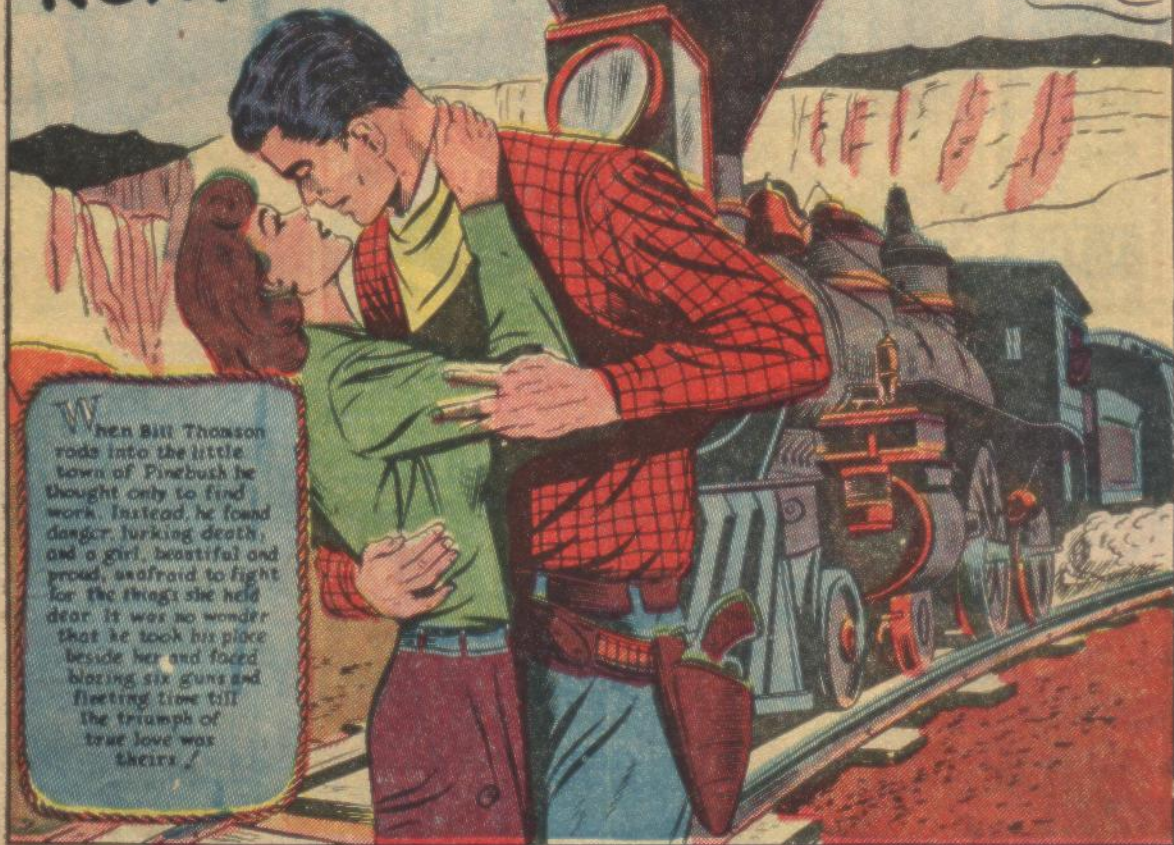
**VETS** write in date of discharge \_\_\_\_\_

The ABC's of  
SERVICING

How to Be a  
Success  
in RADIO-  
TELEVISION



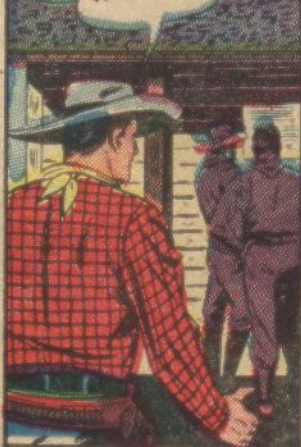
## RAILS and ROMANCE!



When Bill Thomson rode into the little town of Pinebush he thought only to find work. Instead, he found danger, lurking death, and a girl, beautiful and proud, unafraid to fight for the things she held dear. It was no wonder that he took his place beside her and faced blazing six guns and fleeting time till the triumph of true love was theirs!

The LITTLE TOWN WAS QUIET IN THE HOT AFTERNOON SUN AS BILL THOMSON DISMOUNTED. NEARBY, SOME MEN READ A SIGN POSTED OUTSIDE A SHACK. BILL SAUNTERED OVER, HIS LONG, LEAN FRAME ENABLED HIM TO GET OVER THE HEADS OF THE OTHERS—

MEN... WORK ON THE NEW RAILROAD—GOOD PAY! SIGN UP INSIDE SPIKE MCCARTHY. HAAAA!



THERE'S NO FINER MAN IN THE WEST THAN SPIKE MCCARTHY. BUT I LIKE LIVING, TOO!

THAT'S MY SENTIMENT, TOO, PARDNER!



BILL'S GRAY EYES STUDIED THE MEN AS THEY AMBLED OFF. THEY SEEMED LIKE THE GOOD RUGGED TYPE THAT BUILT THE WEST FROM A WILDERNESS...

MIGHTY STRANGE TALK FOR MEN LIKE THAT. BUT I RODE OUT HERE FOR A JOB AND THIS LOOKS LIKE HONEST WORK. I'LL JUST HAVE A LOOK AT SPIKE MCCARTHY.





# COWBOY LOVE

But BILL'S EYES WIDENED AS HE ENTERED THE SWACK. A GIRL SAT INSIDE, LOOKING UP AT HIM. HER HAIR WAS THE GOLD OF RIPPENED WHEAT, HER EYES WERE DARK LIMPID POOLS OF SOFT LIGHT.



COME IN, STRANGER. YOU SIGN-ON RIGHT HERE. IT'S TIME SOMEBODY FOUND THE COURAGE TO COME IN AND SIGN UP.

I WAS EXPECTING TO FIND THIS SPIKE MCCARTHY SIGNING ON HANDS... NOT A PRETTY GIRL.



MIND, NOW, I'M NOT OBJECTING... ONLY WONDERING!

WELL, YOU CAN STOP WONDERING. SPIKE IS MY DAD. I'M JENNY MCCARTHY AND I DO THE SIGNING ON WHEN HE'S OUT WORKING WITH THE MEN.



HOW COME YOU'RE NOT PLUMB SCARED OUT OF YOUR BOOTS, THE WAY EVERYONE ELSE IS AROUND HERE, STRANGER?

MAYBE I DON'T KNOW WHAT THERE IS TO BE SCARED OF, MAM.



AND THEN AGAIN, I JUST DON'T GCARE EASILY...

NO... I'LL BET YOU DON'T AT THAT, STRANGER.

As JENNY LOOKED INTO THE STEADY GAZE OF THIS LONG, LEAN COWBOY, SHE SAW MIRRORED IN HIS EYES HIS MANY CLOSE-ENCOUNTERS WITH DEATH. SUDDENLY, SHE WAS VERY DEAD THAT HE WAS HERE, DEAD HE WAS SHOWING ON. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WEEKS SHE UNACCOUNTABLY WENT TO SMILE.



BILL THOMSON'S YOUR HANDLE, ER? ALL RIGHT, BILL... LET'S GO. I'VE A WAGON OUTSIDE. I'LL DRIVE YOU OUT TO WHERE THE TRACKS ARE BEING LAID. YOU CAN JUST CALL ME JENNY.

THAT SUITS ME FINE... I DON'T HOLD TO FORMALITIES.



YOU KNOW, BILL... YOU'RE THE ONLY HAND I'VE SIGNED ON IN THREE WEEKS. IT OBTG MIGHTY DISCOURAGING.

HOW COME, JENNY? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THINGS HERE? I HEARD SOME MEN TALKING BEFORE I CAME IN.

JUST THEN, A HARSH, GRUFF VOICE SPOKE OUT AND BILL SAW JENNY'S EYES FLASH AS SHE TURNED TO A SQUARE-JET MAN STANDING BEHIND THE THE WAGON. THE MAN'S EYES WERE SMALL BLACK SLITS SET IN A WIDE FROWNING FACE. JENNY'S VOICE WAS THE COLD NORTH WIND SWEEPING DOWN FROM THE HILLS...



I'M GETTING TIRED WARNING YOU AND YOUR PA, MISS MCCARTHY. BETTER QUIT BUILDING THAT RAILROAD.

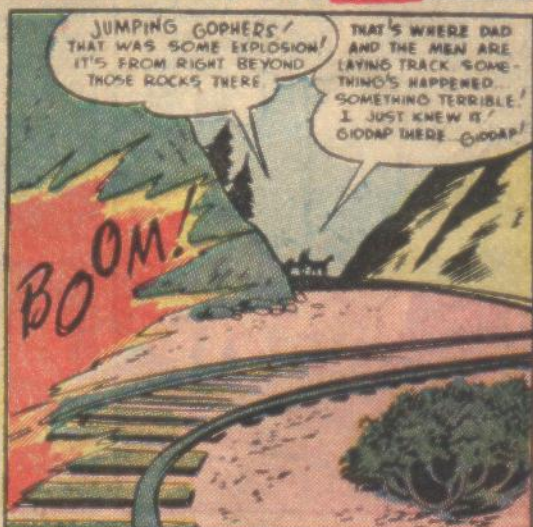
OH, TRENT HODDER, TRUST YOU TO BE POPPING UP LIKE A RATTLESNAKE. SURE, WE'LL STOP BUILDING... WHEN WE'VE FINISHED.



# COWBOY LOVE



As they rode into the foothills of a small mountain range, Bill saw the gleaming double row of newly laid tracks. Then, like the sound of the devil's hammer, the hills vibrated to a mighty blast, and...



JENNY'S BRIGHTENED CRY PROVED ALL TOO TRUE AS THE BIG SKIDDED TO A HALT IN A FEW MOMENTS.





# COWBOY LOVE



*THE* WAGON SLOWLY DROVE OFF FOR TOWN AND JENNY FACED THE MEN, SOME OF THEM WERE ALREADY TURNING AWAY HOPELESSLY. BILL'S HEART FILLED WITH ADMIRATION FOR THIS PROUD BEAUTIFUL GIRL AS SHE ANSWERED THEIR REMARKS....



SO, UNDER BILL'S DIRECTION, WORK BEGAN AGAIN.

AT THE DAY'S END, JENNY WALKED BESIDE BILL BACK ALONG THE TRACKS. THE RAILS GLISTENED IN THE SILVER LIGHT OF THE PRAIRIE MOON....





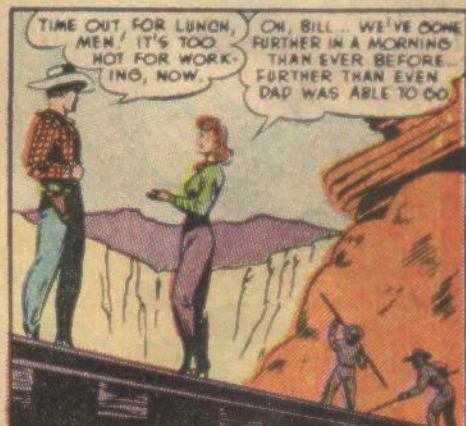
# COWBOY LOVE



ONCE AGAIN, JENNY KNEW THAT THIS MAN WAS MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER HIRED HAND. HE WAS A QUIET WELL-SPRING OF STRENGTH AND SPIRITUAL NOURISHMENT, A MAN TO LEAN UPON WHEN HER OWN FAITH NEEDED REPLENISHING....



AND DREAM OF BILL SHE DID, UNTIL THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF DAY WAKENED HER. SHE FOUND THE MEN ALREADY HARD AT WORK UNDER BILL'S DIRECTIONS. THE MORNING WENT QUICKLY BY UNTIL THE SUN SAT HIGH IN THE HEAVENS AT THE NOON HOUR....



YES, BILL'S HEART ROSE TO MEET THE PRIDE SHINING FROM JENNY'S EYES. HE WANTED TO DESERVE IT... TO EARN IT.

AND SO, THE WORK WENT ON AS THE DAYS FLEW BY. FARTHER AND FARTHER ACROSS THE LAND STRETCHED THE STEEL TRAILS FOR THE IRON HORSES...





# COWBOY LOVE

BUT THE VERY BEST OF EACH DAY WAS THE COOL OF THE EVENING WHEN JENNY WOULD RIDE OUT BESIDE BILL TO SURVEY THE WORK OF THE DAY. THOSE WERE THE MOMENTS WHEN BILL COULD LOSE HIMSELF IN THE DARK, LIMPID BEAUTY OF A GIRL'S EYES.



THEY SEEM TO STRETCH ON FOR EVER AND EVER, DON'T THEY, BILL? IT HAS A BEAUTY ALL ITS OWN!

WHEN YOU'RE BESIDE ME, I CAN SEE NO BEAUTY BUT YOUR OWN.



JENNY, MY DARLING JENNY, I'VE GOT TO KISS YOU.

BILL OH, BILL!



JENNY, IS IT JUST THAT YOU'RE WELL GRATEFUL TO ME FOR STICKING BY YOU? OR IS IT MORE, JENNY?

OH, YES, MY DARLING YES! MUCH, MUCH MORE! I GUESS I'VE BEEN WAITING ALL MY LIFE FOR YOU. IT WAS WORTH THE WAIT, MY LOVE.

YES, JENNY KNEW WHEN BILL'S LIPS PRESSED UPON HERS, THAT LOVE HAD COME SILENTLY WINGING DOWN FROM THE HEAVENS TO STAND BESIDE THEM FOR EVER.



DAD LOOKED SO MUCH BETTER TODAY, BILL. THE NEWS OF HOW WE'RE MOVING RIGHT ALONG WITH THE LINE IS THE BEST MEDICINE HE COULD HAVE!

I RECKON THAT'S RIGHT TRUE, JENNY. WE'VE ONLY A FEW DAYS MORE TO GO AND WE'LL BE IN ROCKVILLE, THE LINE FINISHED.



SAW A VOICE INTRUDED, A ROUGH, GRATING VOICE, AND BILL TURNED TO FACE TRENT HODDER.

YOU DON'T RECKON YOU'LL REALLY REACH ROCKVILLE ON TIME, DO YOU, MISS MCCARTHY? YOU'RE MAKING ME LAUGH!

DOOD, KEEP LAUGHING! WE'LL FINISH THE LINE RIGHT ON TIME, HODDER.



LISTEN, YOU LITTLE SPITFIRE I'M GIVING YOU A LAST WARNING QUIT NOW OR YOU'LL REALLY BE SORRY!

I LET GO OF MY ARM, HODDER!



# COWBOY LOVE



HODDER DREW FOR HIS GUN, BUT BILL LASHED OUT WITH THE SPEED OF A COUNDER! THE BLOW STRUCK HODDER CLEANLY AND IT CARRIED ALL THE HATRED BILL FELT FOR THIS MAN WHO WOULD DESTROY EVERYTHING FOR HIS OWN SELFISH GAIN.



BACK AT THE CAMP, AS THE RIDER CAME TO A HALT, HE SAW THE UNSPOKEN FEAR THAT LAY IN HER HEART....



And AS JENNY HELD HIM CLOSE, BILL KNEW THAT HE POSSESSED A PRECIOUS THING WORTH FIGHTING FOR, WORTH DYING FOR!





# COWBOY LOVE

JENNY SPURRED THE MEN INTO THE LONG HOURS OF NIGHT, AND THEN SHE LAY DOWN ON THE COY. IN HER TENT SLOWLY SLEEP CAME TO HER, BUT IT WAS A TOSSEND, RESTLESS SLUMBER...



SUDDENLY A CRY OF TERROR RANG OUT AND JENNY WAS STARTLED INTO TREMBLING WAKEFULNESS. ALL READY, THE LEAPING, RED CLARE OF OF FLAMES LIGHTED HER TENT.



IT'S HODDER AND HIS MEN. THEY'VE SET THE WHOLE PLACE A FIRE!

OH... THERE GO THE RAIL TIES! NEVER MIND THE WATER! WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH TO STOP THE FLAMES. GET YOUR SHOVELS AND THROW DIRT ON THEM!



But the sharp staccato sound of gunfire cut off her words and the man beside her slumped to the ground in the turmoil. Jenny saw Hodder's men advancing as they fired...



THEN JENNY HEARD A FAMILIAR VOICE. HER KNEES FELT WEAK WITH RELIEF AS A TALL, LEAN FIGURE STEPPED OUT OF THE SMOKE AND DARKNESS...





## THROW YOUR VOICE



### Ventro & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist!"

No. 137

25¢

# MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends



First chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Then put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Thrilling. Full instructions included.

No. 222... Only 1.00

## NICKELS TO DIMITES

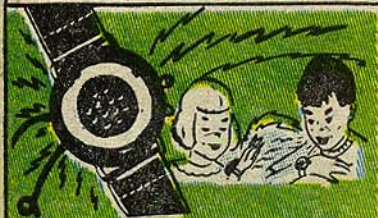


NO SKILL REQUIRED

5 VARIATIONS INCLUDED

Brass cover is placed on four nickels, a spectator removes the cover and four dimes are discovered. The nickels have apparently vanished into thin air. The brass cover may be examined. Many other startling effects can be performed.

No. 215..... 1.00



### AMAZING WRIST RADIO

Wow! A wrist radio like Dick Tracy's that really works. Imagine receiving regular broadcasts up to about 50 miles, and actually transmitting your voice over short distances when connected to another set. You wear it like a watch, but listen in like a radio. No batteries, no electricity, no tubes. Built in earphones and aerial.

No. 133

2.98



A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too. Plastic, 14 inches long with white tips and a black center. 5 exciting tricks—Rises, jumps, produces silk, etc.

No. 240

1.50



### RADIO MIKE

Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from an other room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high.

No. 132

1.98



### WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.

No. 247

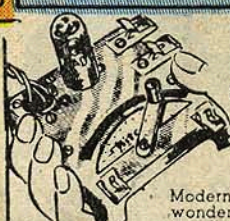
50¢



The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless.

No. 239

Only 50¢



### POWERFUL COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size... Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio.

No. 205

3.98



### BLACK EYE JOKE

"See Naughty Lady." They look and look and they blacken their eyes without knowing it.

No. 216

Only 25¢

### Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 160H

Style 160H—For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in fine durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gilt figure "S", and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14.

6.98

### 10 DAY TRIAL FREE

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Lynbrook, N. Y.

Cannot ship orders totalling less than \$1.00. Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

ITEM #	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

☐ I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.  
☐ Send C.O.D. will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



# COWBOY LOVE



**S**AVAGELY THE TWO MEN FOUGHT WITH A RAGE AS SEARING AS THE ROARING FLAMES ABOUT THEM. HODDER WAS STRONG, BUT BILL WAS ARMED WITH A GREATER STRENGTH... THE STRENGTH OF A MAN FIGHTING FOR RIGHT AND FOR LOVE. THE VICIOUS BATTLE WENT ON TILL AT LAST



**W**HEN THE MARSHAL AND HIS MEN RODE AWAY WITH THEIR PRISONERS, JENNY FELL INTO BILL'S ARMS. SLOWLY, THE LAST FLAMES DIED AWAY, LEAVING ONLY THE SMOKING RUINS AND CHARRED HOSES...





# COWBOY LOVE

BUT WHILE HE HEARD JENNY'S VOICES ECHOING THROUGH THE STILLNESS, BILL CAREFULLY LOOKED THROUGH WHAT REMAINED OF THEIR EQUIPMENT AND AMID THE STILL NOT EMBERS HE FOUND THAT HOPE STILL LIVED AND BREATHED...



Then, EXACTLY TWO DAYS LATER, THE NEW SUN ROSE OVER THE LITTLE TOWN OF ROCKVILLE AND LOOKED DOWN UPON THE SHINING TRACKS AND THE WEARY, HAPPY LITTLE GROUP THAT STOOD BESIDE THEM. OTHERS CHEERED, BUT JENNY COULDN'T. HER HEART WAS TOO FULL FOR CHEERS....



—AND ON A DAY NOT LONG AFTER, THE FIRST TRAIN ROLLED ACROSS THE PLAINS AND INTO THE TINY TOWN... AN IRON HARBINGER OF A NEW ERA...





Boys! Girls! Mothers! Dads!

TAKE 'EM FREE!

GUARANTEED  
WORTH AT LEAST  
\$2.00  
At Standard  
Catalog  
Prices!

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**YOURS FREE!**—100 fascinating stamps from all over the earth! Each stamp is *different*. Each worth *real money*. Each has been carefully soaked free from paper. The Total Price—in Standard Catalog—is guaranteed to be AT LEAST \$2.00—yet, they are **YOURS FREE!**

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STAMP Collecting opens up new worlds of fun and adventure to you. Practically everything that exists upon, above, and below the earth, sea, and sky is represented in one stamp or another. Airplanes, sun, moon, and stars. Tropic Jungles, fierce beasts, canals, rivers, and mountains. Great

Generals, Athletes, Kings, and Explorers!

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ders are waiting for you—on these fascinating little things we call stamps. No wonder so many successful people—presidents, kings, movie stars—collect stamps! And now you can get started on this wonderful hobby with 100 exciting and colorful stamps from every corner of the world—ALL yours **ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

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Mail coupon AT ONCE to get the 100 DIFFERENT STAMPS from all over the world—PLUS the famous BERLIN BEAR STAMP—FREE. We'll also include a FREE copy of our "How to Collect Stamps"—how to trade them, know their value, etc.—plus other interesting offers for your inspection. But hurry! The supply is limited. And this offer is going to be snapped up like hot cakes. So rush coupon—with 10¢ in postage to help cover postage and handling **RIGHT AWAY**. If coupon has been used, write and mail 10¢ direct to: **LITTLETON STAMP CO., Dept. 5-6-CC Littleton, N.H.**

**Also FREE!**

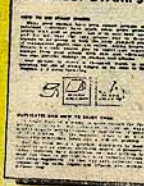
If You Act At Once!

## PRIZED BERLIN BEAR STAMP!

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Please send me—**FREE**—100 DIFFERENT STAMPS from all over the world, PLUS the famous BERLIN BEAR STAMP, and **FREE** copy of "How to Collect Stamps." I enclose 10¢ to help cover actual postage and handling costs.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please PRINT)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

More People Get  
Stamps from LITTLETON  
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Concern in The World



# TERRIFIC VALUE!

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO GET THIS  
SENSATIONAL COLLECTION OF AIRPLANES



**AMAZING**  
get acquainted offer!  
**GIANT COLLECTION**  
of 40 assorted pieces  
all yours  
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**TREMENDOUS BARGAIN**

Wings away with the new toy sensation. Contains 40 colorful plastic Airplanes. Different styles—Jets, Bombers, DC4's, etc. Ideal for any age group. Full of play value and inexpensive.

LUCKY PRODUCTS Dept. CC-7

Carle Place, N. Y.

Please send me the following. If not delighted my money will be cheerfully refunded.

☐ 40 assorted airplanes, I enclose 98¢

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WALKING  
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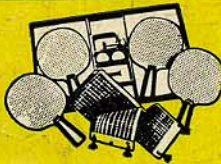
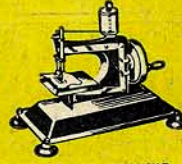


TABLE TENNIS SET



SEWING MACHINE



BOYS' OR GIRLS'  
BICYCLE



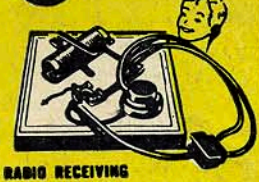
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WHITE ZIPPER  
BIBLE



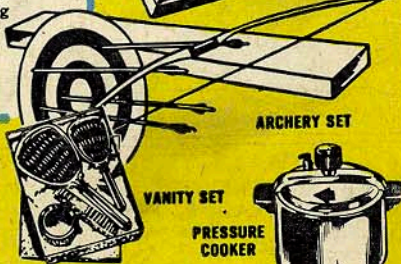
CHEMISTRY SET



RADIO RECEIVING  
SET FOR SCOUTS



WOODBURNING SET



ARCHERY SET



PRESSURE  
COOKER



VANITY SET



JEWELRY  
SET



UKELELE  
WITH ARTHUR  
GODFREY PLAYER



WRIST WATCHES  
FOR BOYS  
AND GIRLS



TEXAN JR  
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OR DALE  
EVANS LAMP



ELECTRONIC  
TWO-WAY  
WALKIE-TALKIE

MEN-WOMEN-BOYS-GIRLS

# PRIZES GIVEN

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We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

### SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

### HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size richly decorated Mottos On 15 Days TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!

### FREE Membership in FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, set code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!

### The FUNman, Dept. V-109, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill. FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

Please rush to me on 15 days credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 15 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

STREET or RFD \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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The FUNman, Dept. V-109, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois